Situation Vacant

(Device activated.)
ASHA QURESHI: (speaker) Hi. My name's Asha Qureshi and the chance to travel in Time and Space would be like a dream come true to me. Getting out into the Universe and helping people would just be a...
(Fast forward speeded up voice.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: (speaker) Er, Hugh Bainbridge. Hello. And, er, this whole idea just sounds smashing, erm, I know how to handle myself. I went to the school of hard knocks. Actually, I went to Harrow, but you know...
(Fast forward speeded up voice.)
TAMSIN DREW: (speaker) My name's Juliet Walsh. I've been looking for a new challenge for a while, and I feel I've got certain qualities which only someone like you would fully appreciate. I really think I could offer a lot in terms of initiative, teamwork and thinking outside the box. I...
(Fast forward speeded up voice.)
THEO LAWSON: (speaker) I'm Theo Lawson and I'd like to join you because this world is just so small and limited and the people are just so narrow. I want new experiences, er, things nobody here's ever done, or even...
(Voice stops, device whirrs. Telephone rings.)
RACHEL: Hello, Greenwich Cathcart Hotel. No, I'm afraid we are full up at the moment. There is a conference on. Okay. Thanks.
(Phone receiver replaced.)
RACHEL: Can I help you?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I'm here for the event in Conference Room Three.
RACHEL: Oh yes, Doctor John Smith.
THE DOCTOR: That's me.
RACHEL: Go on up. Everything is ready for you.
(Walking off.)

ASHA QURESHI: "Traveller in Time and Space seeks male or female companion with good sense of humour for adventures in the Fourth and Fifth Dimensions. No experience necessary, no time wasters, no space wasters please." Hmm. Any time wasters here?
TAMSIN DREW: Only him. He's late.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Not by my watch, Juliet. I've got nine fifty-eight.
THEO LAWSON: Er, actually Hugh, my watch is updated by satellite from Geneva so I think you'll find it's ten oh one.
ASHA QURESHI: Er, he's a Time traveller. He can turn up on time if he wants to.
TAMSIN DREW: You mean he's turning up late on purpose?
ASHA QURESHI: Yeah, of course he is. He wants to build up some anticipation.
(Door opens.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh. You're all here.
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Good morning. I'm the Doctor.
(Chorus of "good morning, Doctor" from the others.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, I know a lot about you all from your applications, but ... what do you know about me?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Well, we know what was in the information pack.
THE DOCTOR: All right, but let's recap, shall we?
ASHA QURESHI: Erm, you travel in Time and Space.
THEO LAWSON: You fight injustice, and stuff.
THE DOCTOR: Indeed, I fight injustice ... and stuff.
TAMSIN DREW: Are you an alien?
THE DOCTOR: I am, yes. Have any of you met an alien before?
ASHA QURESHI: Oh, no. Never.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Erm, actually, my ex turned out to be a Martian. Sort of the reason we broke up. Eh? Uh. Joke.
TAMSIN DREW: I was abducted years ago, loss of time, loss of memory, the lot.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yeah, chinny recon.
TAMSIN DREW: I'm not angling for sympathy, Hugh, I'm just saying how it was.
THEO LAWSON: I've met people on the Internet who say they're aliens, but then you ask them

to prove it and they go, how dare you doubt me, and go off in a huff.
THE DOCTOR: Nobody's yet mentioned the fact that's most relevant to you. Which is that I don't generally travel alone. Usually I have one or more companions.
ASHA QURESHI: Oh, like, assistants?
THE DOCTOR: More like friends.
TAMSIN DREW: So what happened to the last one? Couldn't they hack the pace?
THE DOCTOR: My last one is off on travels of her own. And she set the bar pretty high for you lot. I've relied on my companions for help, advice, an alternative perspective and general camaraderie. I've relied on their skills, knowledge, bravery, and sense of morality. You need to be self-motivated, as we'll often have to split up to get things done faster, but also capable of working harmoniously with me, and anybody else who might join us in my TARDIS. That's my Time and Space machine, incidentally.
ASHA QURESHI: Oh yes, it says that in the pack.
THE DOCTOR: What I don't want is selfishness, closed-mindedness, disloyalty. That's why I've asked you four here today, to find out which one of you has what it takes. Any questions?

WANDA ROTHMAN: Leonard. Good morning.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Ah. Wanda.
WANDA ROTHMAN: I thought Robert Gardener's talk was supposed to start at ten.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Apparently his laptop's been stolen, and it's got his Power Point on it. You're still the talk of the conference, you know, after your demonstration yesterday.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Oh, it'll die down. Tough luck about the Chesterton Award last night.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Well, I seemed to be the only one who didn't think I was a shoe-in to win it.
WANDA ROTHMAN: I did. And even if they didn't want to give it to you, why give it to Owen Stanford and his team? Their project is squarely based on a paper you published five years ago.
LEONARD PALLISTER: It's just the nature of the field. I've still got two days here to sell a piece of my own project. Still, I'm meeting up with a potential investor right after this.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Er, Leonard dear, you're not wearing any shoes.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Yeah - oh - dear me, I know. Erm ... I took - I took them off last night, and now they've vanished. I'm going to have to go in my socks.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Oh well, the absent-minded professor thing often works.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Does it?
WANDA ROTHMAN: Hey, have you seen Julia?
LEONARD PALLISTER: Julia who?
WANDA ROTHMAN: Julia Dorney from Cambridge. Cybernetics. You met her on Thursday night.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Oh, her. No, I haven't seen her since ... last night I think.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Hmm. Me neither. Thought she might be here.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Oh - looks like they're ready to start.
WANDA ROTHMAN: I'm going to go and look for Julia.

THE DOCTOR: Now, does anyone have a copy of the agenda for today?
THEO LAWSON: Don't you?
THE DOCTOR: I'm a busy man, I have people to do those things for me.
ASHA QURESHI: Oh, there's one here.
(Rustling paper.)
THE DOCTOR: Okay, this only has the agenda for the morning session. Is everyone's the same?
Group: Yes.
THE DOCTOR: Oh well. Right, morning task. This hotel is currently playing host to a conference, attended by top research scientists from Britain and around the world. Nobody has realised yet, but some of them have been going missing, and it's up to you to find out what's happening. Hmm.
ASHA QURESHI: Er, Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: Yes?
ASHA QURESHI: So is this something you've set up? You know, like a training exercise with actors et cetera, or is it, you know, for real?
THE DOCTOR: I'll leave that for you to work out. Now, I'm going to split you into two teams of

two. Juliet and Hugh, you're together, Asha and Theo, you're...
THEO LAWSON: Oh, I don't want to work with her. Can't we choose?
THE DOCTOR: Well ... does it matter?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Off to a good start there, Theo.
THEO LAWSON: But it's not fair. Me and Asha are the younger ones, and you've put the two old ones together.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, thanks.
THE DOCTOR: What difference does that make?
THEO LAWSON: Well, they've got more experience and authority.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, that's true. Erm, my professional credentials are impeccable.
THEO LAWSON: Some people won't listen to a couple of kids.
ASHA QURESHI: Oi, I'm not a kid.
THEO LAWSON: I'd rather work with Hugh.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Well, hard cheese. I'm happy working with Juliet.
TAMSIN DREW: I must admit, I...
THE DOCTOR: I'm not interested. Is this how you're going to react when I tell you we've got five minutes to evacuate an exploding spaceship? And ask you to help someone get the escape pods working?
(Chorus of "No, Doctor" from the others.)
THEO LAWSON: Does that sort of thing happen?
THE DOCTOR: Frequently. Now, if you've quite finished complaining, we have some missing scientists to find.

Office background with occasional phones ringing.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Right, er, well, the girl at Reception says no-one's been reported missing. Gave me a bit of a look when I asked, in fact.
TAMSIN DREW: The Doctor did say that nobody had noticed yet, Hugh.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Then how did he know about it?
TAMSIN DREW: He's a Time-traveller. He's probably been into the future and seen how it all turns out.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Gosh. Yes. Yes, didn't think of that.
TAMSIN DREW: We need to think like he thinks.
(Rustling of paper.)
TAMSIN DREW: Right, this is the timetable for the conference. It might help if we knew why everyone was here, and what kind of scientists they are.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Right. So, erm ... What kind of scientists are they?
TAMSIN DREW: It's a new technologies expo. Everyone here is looking for funding from venture capitalists - it's all bleeding edge stuff.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Right - oh, so someone might kidnap them to steal their ideas.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, or to stop their projects from ever seeing the light of day. Right, there's a talk in one of the conference rooms right now. Let's go and see what sort of stuff they're pitching.

ASHA QURESHI: Er, hello.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Students. Terrific.
ASHA QURESHI: Oh hi, I'm Asha and this is Theo. We're writing a report on the conference for our university newspaper.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Are you now.
THEO LAWSON: So, er, who are you and what are you working on?
WANDA ROTHMAN: I'm Wanda Rothman. Leading a team looking into a substance we believe to be an entirely new mineral.
ASHA QURESHI: Oh gosh.
WANDA ROTHMAN: We think it has potential as a source of super low-waste nuclear energy. I did a demonstration yesterday afternoon. Jaws were just dropping. I got a kick out of that. Now that's done I can enjoy the rest of my stay. I was kind of hoping to catch up with some people but ... I don't know where everybody is.
THEO LAWSON: You mean ... you mean people have been disappearing?
ASHA QURESHI: Theo!
WANDA ROTHMAN: People sometimes go for meetings outside the hotel for a bit of privacy, but ... Yeah. It's all gone kind of quiet.

DR GARDENER: In this example, each flavour of quark...
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, this is really boring, Jules.
TAMSIN DREW: Juliet. You're just saying that because you don't understand it.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes.
TAMSIN DREW: This is essential background to the task.
Man: Shh! Will you, please?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I bet the other two are just getting on with it whilst we...
(Sudden pop, some gasps.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Er ... what happened there?
TAMSIN DREW: He disappeared. One moment he was there, the next...
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Well ... where the blue blazes did he go?

(Electronic pulsing noise.)
RACHEL: Excuse me. What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: Just some routine scans. Tell me, has anybody gone missing recently in this hotel?
RACHEL: Someone else asked me that earlier on. Not that I am aware of.
THE DOCTOR: Let me rephrase that. Some people have gone missing. Any idea why that might have happened?
RACHEL: When you say missing, do you mean, just - wandering off?
(Pulsing suddenly stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello, what's all that about?

(Various voices all taking at once.)
Man: Someone is playing games... Just standing up there, gone.
TAMSIN DREW: Hugh, Hugh, come on, what are you playing at?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I got a picture of it. On my phone. Look.
TAMSIN DREW: That's a picture of the wall.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes, well, he had disappeared by then.
THE DOCTOR: What's going on? Juliet?
TAMSIN DREW: Someone disappeared right in front of us.
THE DOCTOR: Who?
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor ... er, Gardener? Was that his name? He was giving a talk, and he just vanished into thin air.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: With a sort of zip noise.
TAMSIN DREW: No - no, no, no. It was more of a sssup.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: A zzup.
THE DOCTOR: It doesn't matter. What matters is that this makes things more difficult. Everyone knows now. You'll be contending with consternation and panic, and I need you to get a move on before the situation gets any worse.
TAMSIN DREW: Absolutely.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: We're on the case.
THE DOCTOR: I hope so.
TAMSIN DREW: We need to get over there, take a look at the spot where he disappeared...
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Er, yes.
RACHEL: Everybody out. Can you clear the area.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh!
TAMSIN DREW: There's a fire exit round the back. Come on.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh.

(Knocks.)
WANDA ROTHMAN: Leonard?
LEONARD PALLISTER: Coming, Wanda.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Did you hear what happened?
LEONARD PALLISTER: I was there. They've just started taking a register to check it hasn't happened to anyone else. Checking in all the rooms. I gather a lot of beds weren't slept in last night.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Well, that's par for the course at a conference. Leonard, people don't just disappear.

LEONARD PALLISTER: My shoes did. No, something strange is happening here. I'm right. Done.
(Closing of a suitcase.)
WANDA ROTHMAN: Are you leaving?
LEONARD PALLISTER: Yes. They're trying to keep everyone calm to avoid a stampede, but if you've got any sense you'll get out.

THE DOCTOR: How are you two getting on?
ASHA QURESHI: Oh, pretty well. We managed to get some...
THEO LAWSON: *I* managed to get.
ASHA QURESHI: (sigh.) Yes. Theo managed to get into the hotel register. This column shows everyone who's accounted for, and this one shows everyone who isn't.
THEO LAWSON: And we're finding out everything we can about them online, looking for any patterns.
THE DOCTOR: Good.
ASHA QURESHI: You know, it's not just scientists who've disappeared. Some of the venture capitalists have gone too.
THE DOCTOR: Focus on the scientists for now. Have you found any connections yet?
ASHA QURESHI: Oh, no, not yet, but - but - but we've only just started.
THE DOCTOR: Right, well, carry on.
(Walking off.)
THEO LAWSON: Hang on. Doctor? Doctor? (Sigh.)
ASHA QURESHI: Oh, he's gone. Why, have you found something?
THEO LAWSON: Yes. Look. The nineteen missing include a team of four people who won something called the Chesterton Award last night. It's worth half a million pounds, there's a blog post about it.
ASHA QURESHI: Oh, what did they win for?
THEO LAWSON: They're ... they're software engineers. Says here it was a controversial choice, the award was widely expected to go to a Doctor Leonard Pallister. So if their whole team vanished before they could cash the cheque, what happens to that money?

HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Righto. This is it, Jules. Fire exit. Here we go. One, two, three.
(Yell, thump, cry.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh ... Oh no ... No, that's got my dodgy shoulder. Ah ... ah ... old rugger injury, you know.
TAMSIN DREW: Hugh? The door opens outwards?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh. Er, so...?
TAMSIN DREW: So we have to find something to force it open.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Ah. Nil despers. Oh. Look. It wasn't locked.
(Door opened.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: So, what are we looking for?
TAMSIN DREW: Alien technology, I reckon. Something tiny that could have caused...
(Robotic voice with alien words of RAFSHAW.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Erm ... er, er, Jules? Er...
TAMSIN DREW: What is it?
(Robotic voice of RAFSHAW continues.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Erm ... I don't care, let's get out of here!
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, let go of my arm!
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Other way, other way, into the corridor!
(RAFSHAW angry voice. Door closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: What do you think you're doing?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Saving your life.
TAMSIN DREW: We can't just run away. This is the kind of area where the Doctor will be looking for high achievement.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, what ... How well we can get ourselves hacked up by angry aliens?
TAMSIN DREW: No. We need to take bold, smart effective action.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Well, what do you suggest?
TAMSIN DREW: Wait for it to come out after us, then jump it.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Right. Okay, good idea.
(Pause.)

HUGH BAINBRIDGE: And *when* do you think it's going to come out after us?
TAMSIN DREW: That's a good point.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Mm.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, why isn't it chasing us?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh - maybe it's, er - ooh - teleported away.
TAMSIN DREW: Yeah, maybe. I say we rush in, if it's still there, we can take it by surprise.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: All right.
TAMSIN DREW: Okay.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yeah.
TAMSIN DREW: Ready? Now!
(HUGH BAINBRIDGE cry. RAFSHAW gasp.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh! Oh, he must have been listening by the door.
TAMSIN DREW: He's unconscious. Or at least, I think he is. Hugh?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yeah?
TAMSIN DREW: When we tell the Doctor about this, we can definitely put a more heroic spin on it.

(Voices of crowd, including woman saying "Excuse me? Excuse me.")
RACHEL: Ladies and gentlemen, please. We can only check out two of you at a time, so if you wouldn't mind forming an orderly queue.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Yes, but...
RACHEL: That goes for you too, sir.
LEONARD PALLISTER: I only wanted to know if I might borrow a pair of shoes.
THEO LAWSON: Checking out, Doctor Pallister?
LEONARD PALLISTER: Yes, I'm trying to. Sorry, you are...?
ASHA QURESHI: Are you sure about this, Theo?
THEO LAWSON: We know what you've been up to.
LEONARD PALLISTER: I'm sorry, I'm not sure I understand what you're getting at.
THEO LAWSON: The disappearances, Doctor Pallister? If that is your real name.
LEONARD PALLISTER: I don't know what you're talking about.
THEO LAWSON: Not so fast.
(Struggle between THEO LAWSON and LEONARD PALLISTER.)
THEO LAWSON: Are you just going to stand there, Asha?
ASHA QURESHI: Theo, we don't have any evidence. You're jumping to conclusions.
RACHEL: Now they've started fighting. Security, please.
THE DOCTOR: What on earth is going on?
THEO LAWSON: We've seized the culprit, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I don't think you have. Let go of him now.
(Released.)
LEONARD PALLISTER: Thank you. Now I'm calling the police.
THEO LAWSON: What? No - no wait, don't do that, please.
THE DOCTOR: I don't think that's necessary. Doctor Pallister, yes?
LEONARD PALLISTER: That's correct.
THE DOCTOR: My ... students were making a misguided attempt to resolve the problems here. Would you mind coming with us up to Conference Room Three? Please, I really would appreciate your input.

(Grunting with effort.)
TAMSIN DREW: Lift your end a bit more, it's dragging on the floor.
(Grunting.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: What do we do if it wakes up?
TAMSIN DREW: The quicker we go, and the less time we spend asking each other questions, then it's likely that is to be an issue.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Well - shouldn't we cover it with a sheet or something? I mean, what if someone sees?
TAMSIN DREW: So what? What are they going to do?

THE DOCTOR: So you two explain to me what it was you thought Doctor Pallister had done.
ASHA QURESHI: You tell him. It was your theory.
THEO LAWSON: (sigh.) Well ... there was this big bursary award, the Chesterton, which they

announced the results of last night.
THE DOCTOR: Right...
THEO LAWSON: And he was expected to win.
LEONARD PALLISTER: I didn't, actually.
THEO LAWSON: This other team won it, and now they've disappeared.
THE DOCTOR: So have lots of other people. You're suggesting that Doctor Pallister here was responsible?
THEO LAWSON: Well, it makes sense. He got them out of the way so he could get the funding. Then he got rid of the others to ... er, to make it less obvious?
LEONARD PALLISTER: Well, how exactly?
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, Doctor Pallister. I hate to pour water on your theory, Theo, but I met up with the Chesterton winners half an hour ago.
ASHA QURESHI: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: They were up late celebrating, missed breakfast, and went to eat somewhere else.
THEO LAWSON: Well, at least I *had* a theory.
(Door opening, grunting.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, you're here. Good.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: We've only gone and captured an alien.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I can see that. Why?
TAMSIN DREW: Well, with stuff happening, people disappearing, we found him hanging around where we saw that Doctor Gardener vanish.
THE DOCTOR: And you just assumed he's responsible?
THEO LAWSON: Well, yes.
THE DOCTOR: Did you ask him? Move aside, please. Hello, are you all right, old chap?
RAFSHAW: Scro-see.
THE DOCTOR: Yes well, please accept my apologies on behalf of these two. Did they do you much harm?
RAFSHAW: (Groan.) Mi-plakish-toe-grenskray.
THE DOCTOR: He says you put his back out. Oh - had you got very far with your investigations?
RAFSHAW: Mm ... Rostar.
ASHA QURESHI: Who is he?
THE DOCTOR: According to his badge, his name is Rafshaw, he's from the planet Thafa, and he's a member of the Pan-Galactic initiative on dimensional rifts. It's his job to identify and plug rogue wormholes.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Good grief. Is that what's been causing the disappearances?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. I was coming to that conclusion myself. The presence of our friend here confirms it. You got here fast.
RAFSHAW: Fa-sha.

(Voices in background.)
RACHEL: I'm sorry, sir. As this matter is beyond the hotel's control, we can't offer you a refund.
Man: This is just absurd.
RACHEL: I'm afraid it's company policy that rooms must be cancelled with twenty-four hour's notice.
Man: You can't quote company policy at me at a time like...
(Suddenly stops.)
RACHEL: Vanished. Okay. Erm - ladies and gentlemen, please, stay calm.

THE DOCTOR: Sounds like another.
ASHA QURESHI: Shouldn't we evacuate the building?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, given the nature of the threat that seems sensible. You and Theo get everyone out of here.
THEO LAWSON: Right.
(Door opened, voices beyond.)
LEONARD PALLISTER: Doctor, the ... the people who have already been sucked in, is there any way we can bring them back?
THE DOCTOR: From my readings, I don't think there is, no.
RAFSHAW: Safa-na.

TAMSIN DREW: What, you mean they're...?
THE DOCTOR: Dead? Yes.
TAMSIN DREW: Then it's really serious.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, it's really serious. Sorry, were you not taking it seriously before?
TAMSIN DREW: No, it's just...
THE DOCTOR: Listen, while you're taking it in I might just try to save the day. Doctor Pallister?
LEONARD PALLISTER: Yes?
THE DOCTOR: Our friend Rafshaw has collated this data on the wormhole activity.
RAFSHAW: Ah.
THE DOCTOR: It seemed to start yesterday afternoon and appears to be confined to the hotel. Did anything happen here that might have caused this?
LEONARD PALLISTER: Not that I'm aware of. When did it start exactly?
THE DOCTOR: First was at three forty-two.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Three forty... Well, I would have been at the demonstration of Wanda Rothman's thing.

(Jostling crowd.)
Woman: Get a move on.
(Man protesting.)
Woman: They've switched off the revolving door.
(Man protesting.)
RACHEL: Please, don't push. Form an orderly queue.
Man: Out of the way.
THEO LAWSON: Everyone. You're in terrible danger.
ASHA QURESHI: You've got to leave the building.
(Panicking.)
RACHEL: Thanks, I think we've got that covered.
(Swish of disappearance.)

(Knocks on door.)
WANDA ROTHMAN: Hello?
THE DOCTOR: Wanda Rothman?
WANDA ROTHMAN: Yes. Who are you?
THE DOCTOR: Hello, I'm the Doctor, this is Juliet, Hugh, Rafshaw from the planet Thafa, and Doctor Pallister, whom I believe you already know.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Sorry to intrude.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Is he a real alien?
RAFSHAW: Pa-ta.
THE DOCTOR: Focus, please. Your new miracle nuclear mineral. It's almost certainly something known as Vodium. The energy associated with it has the capacity to create tiny wormholes in Space-Time, and that would be why people have started to disappear.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Oh. Oh, good Lord. You're sure?
THE DOCTOR: Quite sure.
WANDA ROTHMAN: But we were careful. I mean, we realised it was most likely extraterrestrial, so we were really, really careful. I never saw anything like this happen. How could this happen?
THE DOCTOR: You must have triggered some kind of tipping point. The energy is seeping out and trying to get back to where it belongs. It's in here?
WANDA ROTHMAN: No, it's in the hotel safe. Oh, but there's a small sample of it with one of the backers. A guy called Michael Neill.
LEONARD PALLISTER: I know him. I had a lunch meeting with him yesterday.
WANDA ROTHMAN: Mm, he was supposed to meet me at breakfast this morning. He didn't show up.
THE DOCTOR: Hmm. Doctor Pallister, can you go and look for this thing in his room? Juliet, Rafshaw, go with him.
TAMSIN DREW: Right.
RAFSHAW: Pakaw.
THE DOCTOR: Right - wait, wait, wait, wait. Is there any orange juice in the mini-bar?
WANDA ROTHMAN: Yes, in little bottles.
(Clink of glass, finding a bottle.)
THE DOCTOR: Would the sample fit in this bottle?

WANDA ROTHMAN: Yeah, easy.
THE DOCTOR: Good. Juliet?
TAMSIN DREW: Yes?
THE DOCTOR: When you find the sample, put it in here. The acid will react with the Vodium, slow the reactions and stop new wormholes forming.
RAFSHAW: Ag-stell. Tal.
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, the vault.

THEO LAWSON: (muffled) Hey. We didn't mean us.
ASHA QURESHI: (muffled) We need to get back in. It's important.
RACHEL: Yes, when the building's safe you can come back and collect your luggage, but please stay outside for the time being. Well, coffee.
THE DOCTOR: Excuse me.
RACHEL: Oh no. Sir, everyone is to leave the...
WANDA ROTHMAN: I need my stuff from the hotel safe.
RACHEL: You can collect your possessions after the...
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Look, you have to listen to us, all right? You idiot!
RACHEL: There is no need for that tone, sir.
THE DOCTOR: Ignore him. I can make all this stop, and all you have to do is two things.
RACHEL: Right.
THE DOCTOR: One - open the safe, two - get us a big jug of orange juice off the conference buffet.

(Trying locked door.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, locked.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Stand back. Hold my jacket, would you?
(Charging at door. LEONARD PALLISTER groans.)
LEONARD PALLISTER: In retrospect, not the wisest course of action.
TAMSIN DREW: Boys. You're all the same.
RAFSHAW: Skol-Fen-Ta.
LEONARD PALLISTER: All right - you try.
RAFSHAW: Ah.
(Laser gun. Bang as door is destroyed.)
TAMSIN DREW: Ah!

(Safe opened.)
WANDA ROTHMAN: There you go. It's in the red container.
THE DOCTOR: Could you please give me a hand with it, Hugh?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Erm ... er...
THE DOCTOR: Well, you're no safer standing there than you would be if you were touching it. Help me?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Right. Sorry, just a touch of nerves.
(Clearing throat.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Okay...
THE DOCTOR: We need to lower it...
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Mm-hmm.
THE DOCTOR: Carefully into the juice.
(Pouring. Gasp by WANDA ROTHMAN.)
WANDA ROTHMAN: Not so fast. Just keep it steady.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Sorry.
THE DOCTOR: You're doing fine, Hugh.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Right.
(Fizzing.)
THE DOCTOR: There. There, there, well done.
(WANDA ROTHMAN sighs.)

(Door closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: Excellent work.
RAFSHAW: Safa-pam.

LEONARD PALLISTER: That's the stuff there. Pass the juice.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, of course, it's in my bag.
(Rummaging, squelching.)
TAMSIN DREW: Hang on, it's my water.
LEONARD PALLISTER: Come on, quickly!
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, sorry, it needs a clear-out. You wouldn't believe the things I've lost in here. Aha!
LEONARD PALLISTER: Come on, hand it over, bef...
(Zap. TAMSIN DREW gasps.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh no.
RAFSHAW: Mali.
TAMSIN DREW: I had it in my hand, you saw me, I had it in my hand!

(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: There you are. Where's Doctor Pallister?
TAMSIN DREW: I was too slow. He vanished. There's the other piece.
THE DOCTOR: Right. Thank you. Well, I should dump these somewhere they'll do no further harm.
TAMSIN DREW: I've still got his jacket. What should I do with it?
THE DOCTOR: I don't think that matters, do you?
TAMSIN DREW: No. Sorry.
THE DOCTOR: Just, erm ... just go and get some lunch. Let the others know, I'll meet you all back in the conference room in an hour.
TAMSIN DREW: Okay.
THE DOCTOR: Rafshaw, come with me, I'll give you a lift home.
RAFSHAW: Throo.

ASHA QURESHI: What do you think he's going to decide?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I don't know.
THEO LAWSON: I'm quietly confident, actually.
TAMSIN DREW: Wouldn't that involve being quiet?
(Door opened and closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: Is it gone?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Well, it has to be said, I'm not impressed with any of you.
(Sighs from the group.)
THE DOCTOR: Both groups, your logic was way off. Asha, Theo, you went looking for a villain. That was your mistake. Accidents do happen.
ASHA QURESHI: Well, it was Theo's idea.
THE DOCTOR: Then you should have stopped him. And as for you, Juliet and Hugh, what if you'd killed Rafshaw? His help was invaluable. I'm an alien. You don't automatically assume I'm up to no good, do you?
TAMSIN DREW: No.
THE DOCTOR: There's a word for that kind of attitude. One of you has to go. Hugh, I can't afford to carry someone who's going to freeze at a vital moment.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: No, I suppose not.
THE DOCTOR: Which is why - Juliet.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes!
THE DOCTOR: I talked to Rafshaw on the way back. He told me how your hesitation caused us to lose Doctor Pallister.
TAMSIN DREW: Look, it wasn't my fault. I just...
THE DOCTOR: No excuses, Juliet. I'm afraid you're out of the running. Take your things and go.
(TAMSIN DREW sighs.)
TAMSIN DREW: I'm sorry.
(Leaving. Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Right ... Who left this envelope here?
ASHA QURESHI: It was there when we got back after lunch.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: It's got your name on it.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you Hugh, I can see that.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Right.

(Opening envelope.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah.
THEO LAWSON: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: The afternoon agenda. Well done on solving this morning's mystery, but there's no time to relax. Now you must come together to fight a new and deadlier menace, stalking London as we speak. I'm speaking now, I don't see a...
THEO LAWSON: What's that?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: It came from the street.
(Sirens.)
ASHA QURESHI: There's lots of people running about. I don't see...
THE DOCTOR: Look up.
ASHA QURESHI: Oh my...
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Crikey.

(Crowd, sirens. Heavy metallic moving and smashing.)
THEO LAWSON: What is it?
ASHA QURESHI: A twenty-foot tall robot, obviously.
THE DOCTOR: I think you'll find that is the afternoon task.

(Panic sounds.)
THE DOCTOR: Right, come on Theo, come on, Asha, Hugh. Giant robot on the rampage. No time to waste.
THEO LAWSON: It's massive.
THE DOCTOR: I've seen bigger.
ASHA QURESHI: So our plan of action is...?
THE DOCTOR: Hugh, any ideas?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I, erm ... Oh. (Sneezes.) Oh. Oh, botheration. (Sneezes.) Well, not really, no. Er ... (Sneezes.) Touch of hay fever. It's probably best I stay here to, you know, act-point, as they say. Wouldn't want you lot getting splattered because I was too busy ... (Sneezes.) ... sneezing. Sorry.
ASHA QURESHI: Doctor, it's moving.
THE DOCTOR: Right. Hugh, you - act-point. Theo, Asha, come with me.
(HUGH BAINBRIDGE sneezes. Siren. Panic cries. Metallic walking, sirens.)
THE DOCTOR: Excuse me? Would you mind stopping? And we can maybe have a chat about what you're trying to achieve, and how you might go about that without treading on people's cars.
(Metallic walking. Growling.)
THE DOCTOR: Right, plan B.
ASHA QURESHI: Which involves...?
THE DOCTOR: Those road works up ahead. Come on.
(Running.)
ASHA QURESHI: It's following us.
THE DOCTOR: Good.
THEO LAWSON: What, those road works?
THE DOCTOR: I don't see any others, do you?
ASHA QURESHI: They look like they're laying a cable. Are you thinking...?
THE DOCTOR: The robot's slow, and it doesn't look at all agile. If that cable is strong enough...
ASHA QURESHI: We can make a tripwire.
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. Theo, grab the end of the cable, run it round the back of that lamppost there, and the one across the street, then come back.
THEO LAWSON: I'm on it.
THE DOCTOR: High as you can, so it can't just jump over it.
(Sonic screwdriver whirring.)
ASHA QURESHI: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: I'm changing the molecular structure of the cable, strengthening it.
ASHA QURESHI: Well, you've done this before.
THE DOCTOR: Once or twice. Theo, hurry up!
THEO LAWSON: Here.
THE DOCTOR: Right, both of you grab the cable, and ... pull.
(Gasping.)

THEO LAWSON: It's slipping through my hands.
ASHA QURESHI: It's all right. I've got it.
THEO LAWSON: It's working.
THE DOCTOR: Timber!
(Heavy thing falling.)
THE DOCTOR: Everybody okay? Theo?
THEO LAWSON: Yeah. Sorry, lost my grip on it for a moment.
ASHA QURESHI: Lucky Super-Girl was here to take the strain.
THE DOCTOR: Asha, your hands.
ASHA QURESHI: It's just friction burns. I'll live.
THE DOCTOR: Well, if you're sure.
ASHA QURESHI: Where do you think it came from, the robot?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. It looks very much like it was made on Earth, using bits of salvaged alien technology. Let's analyse it, shall we?
(Sonic screwdriver erratic whirr.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, stop it. Stop!
ASHA QURESHI: What's wrong?
THE DOCTOR: My sonic screwdriver, it's working by itself. Something's got hold of it, I ... I don't know ... Ah, there.
ASHA QURESHI: What was it, a virus?
THE DOCTOR: Hmm. Or a program, perhaps, but a very sophisticated one.
ASHA QURESHI: It came from the robot, yes? So maybe that program was what made the robot run riot.
THEO LAWSON: Er, Doctor, look. Up here, on its head.
THE DOCTOR: What? What, what, what, what?
THEO LAWSON: It's got a port.
THE DOCTOR: A port?
THEO LAWSON: A USB port. Luckily the Gadget King is never without his smart-phone.
THE DOCTOR: Theo, be careful.
THEO LAWSON: It's not difficult.
(Bleep.)
THEO LAWSON: Hey, it's triggered a download.
(Bleep.)
THEO LAWSON: Got it. Looks like a sound file.
THE DOCTOR: Play it.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (speaker) Just a demonstration of what we can achieve now in terms of co-ordination, manoeuvrability, and intelligent response.
ASHA QURESHI: It's part of a presentation.
THEO LAWSON: Hang about, isn't that...?
LEONARD PALLISTER: (speaker) We're seeking additional funding in the region of eighty million pound...
(Turned off.)
THE DOCTOR: It is. Doctor Leonard Pallister. Right, you two stay here. Make sure nobody touches this.

HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Hugh. How's the hay fever?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh. Er...
(Fake sneeze.)
RACHEL: Doctor? Something here might interest you.
THE DOCTOR: Hello, yes, actually it was you I wanted to talk to. I'm sorry, I don't know your name.
RACHEL: Rachel.
THE DOCTOR: Rachel. That's a nice name. I need to get into Doctor Pallister's room. Can you please give me the key card?
RACHEL: Erm ... yes, I suppose so.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you. Hugh - follow me.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Righty-ho.
RACHEL: Oh, before you go - some of the news sites are reporting more robots in the city.
THE DOCTOR: Doesn't surprise me in the least.

RACHEL: Littler versions of the one outside.
THE DOCTOR: Interesting. Don't go anywhere. Hugh?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Roger.

(Background at beginning of opening/closing cupboards.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: So ... what exactly is it we're looking for?
THE DOCTOR: Software. Something that can enter an electronic device, reprogram it, then cause it to embark on a new course of action, responding to fresh stimuli as it goes.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes, I'm a bit of a dunce when it comes to that sort of thing, I'm afraid. All I've got here is an information pack.
THE DOCTOR: What, for potential investors?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I suppose.
THE DOCTOR: Well, what does it say?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh ... stuff about Pallister's background, his track record, awards won and ... Ah! Oh. Software that thinks for itself.
THE DOCTOR: Sentient software.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Er ... yes. Existing technology is already sophisticated enough to be capable of independent thought. It just needs to be programmed the right way. Is that true?
THE DOCTOR: Technically, yes, but that's not a discovery anyone on Earth should have made yet.
(Telephone rings.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello.
ASHA QURESHI: (phone) Hello, Doctor? It's Asha.
THE DOCTOR: How did you know I was here?
ASHA QURESHI: (phone) The receptionist put me through. Listen, some other little robots have turned up, started fixing the bigger one.
THE DOCTOR: Well - can't you stop them?
ASHA QURESHI: (phone) Well, we've tried, but there are too man...
RACHEL: (phone) Hello, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Is that Rachel?
RACHEL: (phone) Sorry for cutting in like this, but I thought you would want to know. They are saying that more of the little robots are gathering in Cannon Street, at the Rivera Coffee Company. Is that useful?
THE DOCTOR: Very. Thank you. Put Asha back on, would you?
ASHA QURESHI: (phone) Hello, you're not there. I'm putting the phone back.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, don't do that, I'm back.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, look here. I've only gone and found his jolly old laptop.
THE DOCTOR: Asha, what - there's a Police Box on King William Walk, around the back of the market.
ASHA QURESHI: (phone) Police Box?
THE DOCTOR: Big blue thing. I need you and Theo to meet me there in five minutes.
ASHA QURESHI: (phone) Okay.

(Outside.)
THE DOCTOR: Asha, Theo, you made it. Good.
THEO LAWSON: Twenty-seven seconds ago, in fact. I'm not sure we'll get a taxi to Cannon Street. Maybe it'd be quicker to go in your Time machine.
ASHA QURESHI: Well, of course it would, that's why we're here. Police Box, right?
THE DOCTOR: Exactly right.
(Door unlocked.)
THE DOCTOR: In you get, Asha.
ASHA QURESHI: Great.
THE DOCTOR: Not you, Theo.
THEO LAWSON: Oh, wh-why does she get to go?
THE DOCTOR: Because she can handle herself in a conflagration whereas you have other excellent qualities.
THEO LAWSON: That's not fair.
THE DOCTOR: I need you back at the hotel. Someone has to look through Pallister's laptop, and right now that someone is Hugh. So I think, maybe we should have two someones working on that.

THEO LAWSON: (as a sigh) All right.
THE DOCTOR: Meet me back in the Conference Room.

THE DOCTOR: You're probably going to do the whole "gosh, wow, bigger on the inside" bit now - please excuse me if I only give fairly token responses to...
ASHA QURESHI: Hands off the controls, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: All right, all right, you're pulling a gun on me. I'm interested in your reasons but please could you keep them brief.
ASHA QURESHI: I shall. I've been stranded on this tedious little planet for fifteen years.
THE DOCTOR: How old were you when you were dumped here, five?
ASHA QURESHI: I'm older than I look. My real name is Lantis. My home is the planet Immapian.
THE DOCTOR: One point six times Earth gravity - hence your super strength.
ASHA QURESHI: I was on an intelligence mission, I got stranded and my recall device is broken. I've been offered a ride home. All I need to do is kill you. The old woman who hired me said that your infernal meddling had deprived her family of its birthright, the throne of the planet ... YinMarda. Yanmarda? No, I think I was right the first time.
THE DOCTOR: I can honestly say I've never heard of it.
ASHA QURESHI: You can honestly say whatever you like. I've still been hired to kill you, and I'll get a hefty bonus for delivering your Time machine.
THE DOCTOR: How did they put you on to me?
ASHA QURESHI: One of their agents gave me the ad you placed.
THE DOCTOR: What... Traveller in Time and Space seeks male or female companion with good sense of humour for adventures in the Fourth and Fifth Dimensions, yadda, yadda, yadda?
ASHA QURESHI: Yes. They said the person who placed the ad was the target and that you'd gone by all sorts of names so they didn't know what you'd be calling yourself.
THE DOCTOR: I didn't place the ad, I didn't authorise it. I didn't know anything about it.
ASHA QURESHI: That's your get-out? Pathetic.
THE DOCTOR: The first I knew of it was when I saw it in a three-week old newspaper yesterday afternoon. I was curious, so I called the number at the bottom. It was answered by a temp, who said she'd been hired to handle the admin, and she spoke as if she were working for me. She said they'd whittled the candidates down to the final four, who'd be waiting at the hotel.
ASHA QURESHI: What, and you came?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. I wanted to know what was going on, so I decided to play along.
ASHA QURESHI: So what *is* going on?
THE DOCTOR: I haven't a clue. I've been too busy trying to resolve the very real dangers that someone has set as tasks for us. But it's strange. That expo was full of technology that ought to be beyond human reach in this time period.
ASHA QURESHI: Why should I believe you?
THE DOCTOR: You say your recall device is broken.
ASHA QURESHI: Yes. The technology level here is far too low to fix it.
THE DOCTOR: Let me ... give ... let me take a look.
ASHA QURESHI: All right.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh yeah, I see the trouble. Here.
(Thrown back.)
THE DOCTOR: Good as new.
ASHA QURESHI: Seriously?
(Sound of operation.)
ASHA QURESHI: Oh my God, that took you about three seconds.
THE DOCTOR: You should have asked me earlier. So now you don't need to kill me. Head home if you like.
ASHA QURESHI: Er ... well no, not yet. I'm in your debt, and it looks like you could do with some help.
THE DOCTOR: Fine. Hold on tight.
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)

(People crying for help.)
TAMSIN DREW: I'm guessing it's not mochaccinos. Get back, the glass is going to break.

(TARDIS materialisation. Woman in background calling for someone to help.)
THE DOCTOR: Good afternoon, I am the Doctor. Please stay calm. Now, does anybody know what...
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor.
ASHA QURESHI: It's Juliet.
TAMSIN DREW: I just came here to grab a coffee before I got the train back to Dulwich, and these things...
(Smash.)
THE DOCTOR: One point six times Earth gravity girl, hold the doors, would you?
ASHA QURESHI: Sure.
THE DOCTOR: Juliet, these robots want someone or some thing in this building, and your presence here would seem to be a very big coincidence otherwise.
TAMSIN DREW: What - why should they want me?
ASHA QURESHI: Bec... Perhaps because of your immaculate professional credentials?
THE DOCTOR: The robots are responding to a program made by the late Doctor Pallister. You were the last person to see him alive. Maybe it's got something to do with that.
TAMSIN DREW: I don't know, I don't know, I just want to get out of here!
THE DOCTOR: You've still got his jacket. Pallister's jacket.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh. Yeah. I was going to charity shop it.
THE DOCTOR: Give it to me. Aha.
TAMSIN DREW: What's that?
THE DOCTOR: It's a portable hard drive in the pocket, holding backups of Pallister's files, I expect.
TAMSIN DREW: Do you think that's what the robots want?
THE DOCTOR: Don't you?
ASHA QURESHI: Doctor. I can't hold them back any longer.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, but just in case - Can everybody please follow me into the blue box, and I'll get you all out of here.

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Here we are. The Greenwich Cathcart Hotel. Out you all come.
(Walking out.)
THE DOCTOR: Now please, don't be alarmed. I'm sure Rachel here will be able to assist you.
RACHEL: Doctor, who are all these people?
THE DOCTOR: Rescued them from a café. Maybe you could show them to the bar. They've had a pretty unnerving experience.
RACHEL: Yes of course.
THE DOCTOR: You have been incredibly level-headed, you know.
RACHEL: Thank you. Could you follow me, please?
THE DOCTOR: Asha, stand out front, keep an eye on the situation.
ASHA QURESHI: What are you going to do?
THE DOCTOR: Find out how Theo and Hugh are getting on.
TAMSIN DREW: What do you want me to do, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Er ... go to the bar, if you like, Juliet.
TAMSIN DREW: But ... I'd like to help.
THE DOCTOR: Well, then I'll know where you are.
(TAMSIN DREW sighs.)
TAMSIN DREW: Be like that, then.

(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Theo and Hugh. What have you got for me?
THEO LAWSON: There's an interface on here that'll let us talk to the program via the free hotel Wi-Fi.
THE DOCTOR: That's excellent.
THEO LAWSON: I know. Usually they charge like, ten pounds an hour.
THE DOCTOR: Right. Have you talked to it yet?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes. Rather brusque sort of chap, I thought.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) We've assessed that Doctor Leonard Pallister no longer exists. Confirm, Y stroke N.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, confirm.

LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) I respond only to Doctor Leonard Pallister. Have assessed global situation, conclude Earth would operate better under my control. Programme now running. Will take seventy-six hours to complete. Brackets, approx, brackets.
THE DOCTOR: Hmm. What else did you find on there?
THEO LAWSON: Nothing. The program deleted everything as soon as we booted up.

TAMSIN DREW: Hi, Asha.
ASHA QURESHI: What are you doing out here, Juliet? The Doctor told you to stay inside.
TAMSIN DREW: Who says I have to do what the Doctor says? What's happening?
ASHA QURESHI: Well, they've almost finished the repairs to the robot we trashed, I think.
TAMSIN DREW: You trashed one of the robots?
ASHA QURESHI: Oh, of course, you weren't here. Look, do you want to make yourself useful?

THE DOCTOR: We need to look at what's on this hard drive, using something entirely independent of any network.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh. You can use my old Palm Book thingy. Er, the wireless is totally stuffed ever since me and old Jimmy Jibber jumped off this boat at Cowes...
THE DOCTOR: Yes, where is it?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, er - well, it's here in my blazer pocket. Ah! Ta-da!
THE DOCTOR: Oh, come on, come on.
(Electronic start up.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: It will take a little while to warm up. No, no - no, don't press anything yet, all right? It'll make it take even longer.
(Door opened/closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: Only me.
THEO LAWSON: Juliet. What's she doing back here?
TAMSIN DREW: Lovely. Asha asked me to pop up and fetch her bag, if that's all right?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
(Struggling to lift bag.)
TAMSIN DREW: Blimey, this is heavy. What's she got in here?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Do you need a hand?
TAMSIN DREW: I wouldn't mind.
(Struggling to lift.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, good grief! She's stronger than she looks, that girl!
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: All right, I'm in at last.
THEO LAWSON: Well? What's on there?
THE DOCTOR: Lots of things, but I think this might be the thing we're looking for.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) Welcome to Virtual Pallister. I believe the technology adapted from my so-called sentient software is a giant leap forward in creating an approximation of a real human mind. As a rough analogy, the model speaking to you now, is to the real Doctor Leonard Pallister as an MP Three encoded at a hundred and ninety two kilobits per second, is to the original recording. With your backing, we can bring this ever closer to true fidelity.
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello, Doctor Pallister.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) How can I help?
THEO LAWSON: We're being assaulted by giant robots running amok.
THE DOCTOR: And it's your programme that caused it. It's got into the robot. It says it's going to use them to take over the world.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) Why? Am I dead?
THEO LAWSON: Er ... yeah.
THE DOCTOR: We're sorry.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) I did instruct it to take action if that happened. Not quite this. Programming evidently needs a tweak or two. Where did it get the robots from?
THE DOCTOR: Never mind that now. Can you instruct it to stop what it's doing?
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) It would have responded to the real me, but I doubt it'll respect the authority of something less sophisticated than itself.
THE DOCTOR: So what if we finish your work?

(Metal stomping.)
TAMSIN DREW: We're here. We're here.
ASHA QURESHI: About time. It's back on its feet.
TAMSIN DREW: Sorry, your bag was very heavy.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I'll say. Oh crikey, it's coming this way.
ASHA QURESHI: Didn't fancy my chances of holding that thing off too long with my hand gun. Now, this is more like it.
(Loading up a gun.)
TAMSIN DREW: Er ... Oh, gosh. What do you call *that* ?
ASHA QURESHI: Magnetic inducer cannon. Power on, and...
(Rocket-type firing. Metal voice groaning.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Why didn't you use that before?
ASHA QURESHI: I had my reasons.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh-oh. Looks like it's got some firepower of its own.
ASHA QURESHI: Get inside, now!
(HUGH BAINBRIDGE gasps.)

THEO LAWSON: What was that?
THE DOCTOR: The giant robot. It's back, and it's armed. The little ones must have upgraded it.
THEO LAWSON: Should we check whether the others are all right?
THE DOCTOR: We can help them best by finishing this. Take over at the keyboard, Theo, pass me that notepad and paper, enter whatever I read out.
THEO LAWSON: Okay.

(Metal growling. Running.)
RACHEL: What was that?
ASHA QURESHI: Looks to me like a low-powered maser cannon.
RACHEL: A what?
ASHA QURESHI: I can explain the principle now, or we can go and take cover.
TAMSIN DREW: Let's do the second thing.
ASHA QURESHI: Yeah.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Where?
RACHEL: Those sofa - we can use them as a barricade.
(Smashing glass.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, Lord. Oh, those little robots are back.
ASHA QURESHI: Forget the sofas. Get back!
(Shots.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes! Well done, Asha.
(Shots.)
ASHA QURESHI: One of them's got a force-field of some kind. It's shielding the others.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: They're heading this way.
ASHA QURESHI: No they're not. They're heading for the TARDIS.

THEO LAWSON: Finished.
THE DOCTOR: Excellent. Now, let's fix Hugh's Wi-Fi...
(Sonic screwdriver.)
THE DOCTOR: ... And get the message out.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) This is your creator speaking. I order you to stop doing what you're doing.
THE DOCTOR: Fingers crossed.
THEO LAWSON: I'm sure it'll work.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) From now on you are to obey Theo Lawson. At the root of your programming, you are to replace my name with his.
THE DOCTOR: Theo, what have you done?
THEO LAWSON: Taken control of all the computers in the world. That'll do for a start.
THE DOCTOR: Why are you doing this?
THEO LAWSON: Travelling with you sounds like it might be fun, Doctor, and it did sound like a way out of the trouble I'd managed to land myself in.
THE DOCTOR: What sort of trouble?
THEO LAWSON: I hacked into a multinational bank or two. It started as a way of getting a little

extra pocket money. Then a way of topping up my university fund. Then a way of making enough money to last the rest of my life. But then I ... caused a little panic at one of the banks, and ... that had a bit of a knock-on effect and ... before you knew it I'd caused a global recession.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, good grief.
THEO LAWSON: I'm very good. Got a long way without getting caught. But ... I think they're closing in. So when I saw your ad I thought I'd get away. But now I'll just take over the world instead.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) Doctor? Good news. I've delivered your message to every system infected with the program.
THE DOCTOR: That's actually not one hundred per cent good news.
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) Oh. Well, there's a group of robots which seem to have hidden themselves from my view. They were there one moment, now they've gone.
THE DOCTOR: Where were they?
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) In the Reception of this hotel. They were last seen downloading a vast quantity of data, some fascinating stuff.
THE DOCTOR: The TARDIS is down there. Give me that.
THEO LAWSON: A knackered Palm Book won't help you, Doctor. Doctor!

(Electronic searching sound.)
TAMSIN DREW: What are they doing?
ASHA QURESHI: Probing the TARDIS, I think.
TAMSIN DREW: I can see that, but what's the shimmering wall in aid of?
RACHEL: Oh, I've had enough of this.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, I - I say, I'd keep my head down if I were you.
RACHEL: Roberts, my name is Rachel. I am the duty manager here and I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave. Very well. I'll have to call Security.
THE DOCTOR: Rachel, no, stay back from the TARDIS.
RACHEL: Oh, is it dangerous, your TARDIS?
THE DOCTOR: Right now, yes. The robots have put a time distortion field around it, a trick they've learned from the TARDIS itself. They're trying to hide.
ASHA QURESHI: Hide from what?
THE DOCTOR: I have got the rogue program under control everywhere except inside that field.
THEO LAWSON: Yes. Unfortunately you've got it under *my* control. The machines will rule the world, in my name, whilst I use your ship to explore the Universe. This is the best day ever. All right, robots, give it up. You can't hide behind this thing indefinitely.
THE DOCTOR: Theo, be careful. The robots are extending their time distortion barrier towards you.
THEO LAWSON: So what?
(THEO LAWSON cry out. Gasps, drops to ground.)
TAMSIN DREW: What? That force-field thing aged him to death.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: That was pretty nasty.
THE DOCTOR: If we can get this Palm book inside the distortion field, the TARDIS will connect to it, and do the rest.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: What, you fixed the Wi-Fi?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, good show.
TAMSIN DREW: But how? You saw what happened to Theo.
THE DOCTOR: It's going in waves. If I go quickly and pick my moment, I might carry it off and only lose a decade or two. Someone has to go.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: You're right. Sorry, old chap.
ASHA QURESHI: Doctor, look out!
(Thump.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I'll have that back, if you don't mind.
THE DOCTOR: Asha, stop him.
ASHA QURESHI: Too late.
(Moving inside shimmering.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Hello, boys. Don't mind me, won't be a tick. Oh, I can't bear these fiddly buttons. Oh, bingo!
LEONARD PALLISTER: (electronic voice) Robots, this is your creator speaking. I order you to

stop.
(Noise stops.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Gosh. Is that it?
THE DOCTOR: That's it. Well done, Hugh. Very well done.
(Applause.)

(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Everyone here?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Well, except for Theo. (Chuckle.)
ASHA QURESHI: Obviously.
TAMSIN DREW: Shh!
THE DOCTOR: (clears throat.) I'm proud of you all, but I do have to select a winner. Asha, you were very resourceful, but I'm not convinced that we'd be compatible.
ASHA QURESHI: Mm ... Oh, probably not.
THE DOCTOR: Hugh, what you did this afternoon was ridiculously dangerous, and although you saved the day I can't condone your actions.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Right, yes.
THE DOCTOR: So when we're travelling together you'll have to cut it out.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: (Gasp.) You mean...?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Hugh, you're the winner.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yeah, yeah, get in! I ... I - I mean, thanks.
TAMSIN DREW: Er - what about me?
THE DOCTOR: I already eliminated you.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh. Yeah.

RACHEL: No, I am afraid we won't be taking any bookings for the next few days.
A *what* convention?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Cheerio.
RACHEL: One moment, please. You two off?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes. Off into Time and Space. So exciting.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry about the hotel.
RACHEL: It's all right. It's not like it's my hotel, I just work here.
THE DOCTOR: I don't suppose, Rachel ... You're not bored of being a hotel manager, by any chance?
RACHEL: No. I love it.
THE DOCTOR: You've not got the urge to travel?
RACHEL: Not really.
THE DOCTOR: Oh well. Fair enough, then.
RACHEL: It was nice to meet you, Doctor, but please. Don't bear us in mind for your next event.
THE DOCTOR: All right.
RACHEL: Yes, sir. Erm, I'm afraid company policy's clear when it comes to *that* sort of convention.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Come on, then. Let's see inside the space ship.
(Door unlocked.)
THE DOCTOR: In you go, Hugh.

(Inside the TARDIS control room.)
THE DOCTOR: So, what do you think of the place?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Doctor, I think, erm, I think...
(Banging on door.)
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor? Doctor, I need to talk to you.
THE DOCTOR: Her again? Sorry, Hugh.
(TARDIS doors operated.)
THE DOCTOR: Juliet, what is it?
TAMSIN DREW: I'm sorry, there's something I need to tell you. Well, tell you both, in fact.
(Doors closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Which is...?
TAMSIN DREW: You have to give me another chance, Doctor. I'm not who you think I am.
THE DOCTOR: You're not?

HUGH BAINBRIDGE: No, she's not. She's an actress.
TAMSIN DREW: You knew?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes. Her name's Tamsin Drew. I recognised her right away.
TAMSIN DREW: You did?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: You were in that advert for ... leg wax, what, three years back?
TAMSIN DREW: Oh. That. Bit embarrassing.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Yes. I looked you up on the Internet during the lunch break. You've not done much else, have you?
TAMSIN DREW: Well, no. It's not really happened for me, so I decided it was time to get a day job. Then I saw your ad, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: And you created a character you thought I'd hire?
TAMSIN DREW: High-powered go-getting Juliet Walsh for all the good she did me.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Wasn't even original. She's been doing an impression of that woman who won that reality show.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: You know, the - the one where there's a big job and they all compete for it. Situation Vacant.
THE DOCTOR: I see. The thing is, Tamsin, I didn't much like Juliet.
TAMSIN DREW: But that's why you have to give me another chance.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh dear. You really shouldn't have come back, Tamsin.
(Sudden growl.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh! What? Oh my God!
THE DOCTOR: Put her down, Hugh.
TAMSIN DREW: He's a vampire. He's got fangs, he's a vampire!
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, Tamsin. It seems you weren't the only one who was putting on a character.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: My name is Drusis. Hugh was an amiable bumbling fool designed to lower your expectations so that when I did something heroic, you'd be all the more impressed.
THE DOCTOR: Drusis, what do you want?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I want the TARDIS, Doctor. It's an annoying quirk of my kind that we have to be invited in before we can enter someone's home.
TAMSIN DREW: He's really a vampire?
THE DOCTOR: There are vampires, and there are vampires. His sort if I'm right were retro-engineered to exist according to the rules of blood-and-thunder fiction.
TAMSIN DREW: So he's really a real-life vampire?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Really.
(Hissing.)
TAMSIN DREW: Please don't hurt me.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Don't worry. I won't.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, good.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Unless the Doctor doesn't agree to die in your place. In which case I'll slit your throat.
(TAMSIN DREW gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: You want me?
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: I know how the TARDIS works, Doctor. I've seen one before. But it won't respond to me without your genetic signature. Which of course I can get by drinking your blood.
THE DOCTOR: Very well. Let her go, I'll give you what you want.
(TAMSIN DREW gasp as she is released.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Thank you.
(Hissing. THE DOCTOR groans.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh Doctor, I'm so sorry.
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, he's not dead yet. Now, let's see.
(Dematerialisation. HUGH BAINBRIDGE laughs.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: Oh, superb! Well, as that's working, I don't need you alive any more, Doctor. And I am hungry.
TAMSIN DREW: Stay away from him, Hugh.
(TARDIS materialisation starts.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: What? We're landing already?
THE DOCTOR: Hold onto the console, Tamsin.
TAMSIN DREW: What?

THE DOCTOR: Do it.
(TARDIS doors opening.)
HUGH BAINBRIDGE: No! The - the doors! No...!
(HUGH BAINBRIDGE drawn-out cry.)
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, close the doors.
TAMSIN DREW: Which switch?
THE DOCTOR: Th-that's a sliding switch nearest your hand.
(TARDIS doors close. They sigh with relief.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, thank you.
TAMSIN DREW: Where did we just land?
THE DOCTOR: Mercury. It has no real atmosphere to speak of, so I lowered our shields and the vacuum sucked him out.
TAMSIN DREW: So he'll burn up?
THE DOCTOR: Not if he keeps moving. He's on the dark side.
TAMSIN DREW: You planned this? You knew he was a vampire?
THE DOCTOR: Well, I wasn't born yesterday. The way he survived the time distortion barrier clinched it. I pre-set the destination, lowered the shields and set the doors to open automatically the next time anybody operated anything on the console. I'd rather hoped to avoid getting it in the neck myself but that became necessary when you entered the equation.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh. Sorry. You're not going to turn into a vampire, are you?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. They choose whether to infect you or kill you, and he did neither. I dosed myself up with antibodies anyway just to be sure.
TAMSIN DREW: I didn't exactly help, did I? I knew I'd be useless at this when it came to it. When that woman phoned to say the venue had been changed, I thought she was phoning to tell me I wasn't going to be needed.
THE DOCTOR: The venue was changed?
TAMSIN DREW: Yeah. They decided to cut the short-list from twelve to four so they didn't need such a big venue.
THE DOCTOR: Well, that's it. That was part of the selection process. Hive off the problem candidates - psychopaths, megalomaniacs, vampires, actresses - and send them to the alternative venue, and I've been duped into dealing with them.
TAMSIN DREW: Meanwhile, continue with the proper candidates at the original venue.
THE DOCTOR: Which means there's another Time traveller out there, the one Asha was sent to kill. What was the original location?
TAMSIN DREW: An office in Golden Square, Soho.
THE DOCTOR: Exact address, exact start time, please.

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, this is it.
TAMSIN DREW: Nobody here. There goes your theory.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, I think the theory is sound. It's just that somebody's one step ahead of me, that's all.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh. Whoever they are, they've left you a note. Look.
(Rustling of paper.)
TAMSIN DREW: What's it say?
THE DOCTOR: Nice try, Doctor.
TAMSIN DREW: Is that all?
THE DOCTOR: P.S. - run.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh look, there's a parcel for you as well.
THE DOCTOR: No, don't touch it. Run!
(Running. TARDIS dematerialisation, explosion.)

(TARDIS console room.)
THE DOCTOR: Right then, I'd better get you back, to ... where was it?
TAMSIN DREW: Dulwich. I'll have to look for something else again, I suppose. Still, I know people who've changed careers at my age.
THE DOCTOR: Which is what?
TAMSIN DREW: It's not polite to ask that. You know, I had a vampire's teeth inches from my throat today, and I think I'd rather go through that again than fill out endless application forms for jobs I don't want, and sit through artificial interviews. At least with an audition, you know the

whole point is to put on a performance, but I was never good enough at that either. But I stuck at it, always thinking, I'll give it another year, just another year. Once I was getting put up to play girlfriends, now all I'm up for are mums. Had work, made enough money to pay the bills, most months. When it came to the gigs I really wanted ... never got a call- back.
THE DOCTOR: Hmm. Well, this time you got one.
TAMSIN DREW: Really?
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin Drew, if you'd rather face my kind of jeopardy on a daily basis than the perils of the Employment Agency, come with me.
TAMSIN DREW: I thought maybe I was laying it on a bit thick just now.
THE DOCTOR: Don't try to talk me out of it. Just tell me where you want to go.
TAMSIN DREW: Well, aren't we going after whoever it was placed that ad?
THE DOCTOR: I don't see how - it's already happened. Whoever it was they've made their selection.
TAMSIN DREW: So that's that?
THE DOCTOR: I dare say we'll catch up with them one day.
TAMSIN DREW: If you say so. Mind you, I can't help feeling sorry for whatever poor devil ended up getting the job.
(TARDIS dematerialises.)